

# BIFFING THE BOCHE

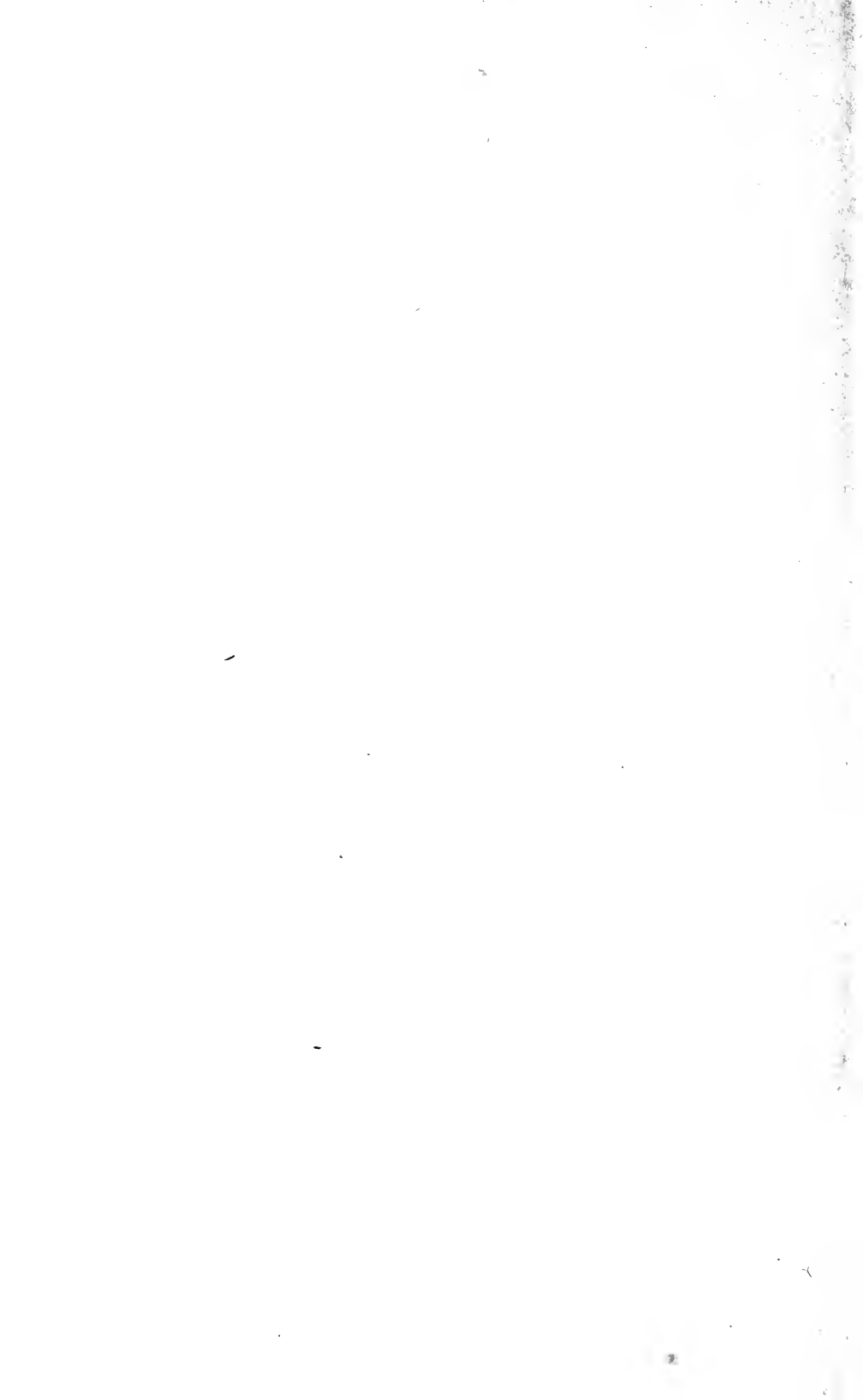


"We said it."

"Huh?"

1919





# *Biffing the Boche*

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Home-Swats

—By—

E. S. ELLIOTT

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Over-Seas Raps

—By—

EDWARD S. PETERSON,  
Mess Sgt. 163 Ambulance Co.



FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA,  
1919.

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—By—  
EDWARD S. PETERSON.

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JUL 26 1919

## THIS WAS THE YEAR

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(Dec. 31—last hour—1917)

This was the year America put on  
Her battle-raiment, and beneath the plume—  
The white plume of democracy, world-wide,  
Filled the high seas with transports, radiant  
With the red flower of her valiant youth,  
Willing to die that righteousness might live—  
That the signed treaty and the given pledge  
May be inviolate forevermore,  
Safe from a despot's despicable degree.

The sky, mast-pierced is beautiful with stars;  
Great nets are swung from deep boat hatch to wharf  
Filled with the sustenance and tools of men  
In foreign port on business for their land—  
And for all lands who never will acclaim,  
That right makes might, or killing children, war,  
Necessity the Judge, and that the God  
Sports upturned mustache, and is helmet crowned—  
This was the year,—'tis twelve o'clock,—and past.

EDWARD S. PETERSON,  
Mess Sgt. 163 Ambulance Co.

# Heroes All

Your real hero is usually the modest man and in common place language describes stirring events through which he has passed usually attributing to his comrades the honor of the experiences.

Such a boy we now have in mind—a North Dakota boy who drove a tank in the fighting of the Argonne Forest.

"The men that handled the guns were the real fighters, I only drove the tank," was his explanation of the severe fighting in that region. "Of course, that kept me busy and in the course of the fighting at that front I drove into many machine gun nests, always subject to being put out of commission by the fire of anti-tank guns—and it didn't take a very big gun to do the work in the smaller tanks.

"Machine gun nests were thick in that region but the tanks usually crawled up to them and a bunch of Germans usually greeted us with "Kamerad" with both hands in the air.

"The gunner would have them throw down their arms and march to the rear, and we then were ready for the next step toward making the world safe for the Democrats and Non-partisans."

The tank was really one of the big factors that enabled the Americans to push through the forest that had been invincible since before the days of Julius Caesar.

## EVERY BOY HAS A STORY

Every boy that went from North Dakota or the neighboring states really has a story worth telling but very few of them will ever sit down, arrange their anecdotes or history into readable shape and the people that stayed at home will be the losers by their not doing so.

It is equally true that in this great northwest many things happened that these boys know nothing of and which reflect credit upon our people and which should be passed on to the next generation.

## THE LITTLE MISS THAT WAS KISSED

A troop train stands in front of the N. P. depot in Fargo—its ten coaches filled with husky youths from Montana and the west. Women with baskets containing apples, gum, cigarettes and the like, and wearing the Red Cross distinctly placed on their caps, are serving the boys from the baskets. Cheers are going up from the crowd assembled and from the occupants of the coaches. All is life and youth and vigor and gaiety when a young miss, pretty as a picture, demure as a saint passes close to a car window and stops to gaze on the soldiers.

Two husky youths reach from the car window, grasp her arms

and raise her up to the windows of the car and imprint a kiss each on her fair face as only the genial soldier about to start for the war knows how to do.

This action startled the fair one and when she was released she walked slowly away her manner indicating that she didn't know whether to be pleased, angry, honored or insulted. But the older women only smiled.

### **THESE TROOP TRAINS**

During the months of May, June and July, 1918, troop trains were passing through our city it seemed almost continually and the cheers of the assembled crowd, would give notice to the citizens of their arrival. Always they were met by the ladies of the Red Cross and furnished the luxuries the soldier craves.

### **WHO WON THIS WAR?**

A gray haired woman who is still active in all good works and who knit and sewed for the Red Cross remarked: "It seems to me that the old women and the young boys bore the brunt of winning the war. What work did the old men and the young women do?" Of course there is truth in the statement but the young women and the old men helped keep business going, bought Liberty bonds, cared for the children and did the accustomed daily work.

### **HARVESTING A BUMPER CROP**

But there was one place where the young women did shine and that was on the harvest fields. Clad in a combination pair of overalls and jacket, hair tucked beneath a cap and wearing gloves, the girls of the city shocked thousands of acres of grain in 1918. The big stores had organized gangs of these girl workers in the harvest fields and the rivalry between the different groups was something fierce.

Picture a 1,000 acre field of wheat yielding 30 bushels per acre, a warm summer Sunday, with a few hundred men and girls working to shock this grain and you have some idea of the intense patriotism aroused and a very pretty scene.

The proceeds of this work invariably went to the Red Cross, the farmer whose work was thus done sending in a check for what the work would have cost him in the ordinary way.

At the close of the season the city of Fargo staged a "shock troop" parade and it was a novelty that was photographed for the movies and exhibited in this country and abroad.

### **SHOWED THE YELLOW STREAK**

In the summer of 1917 Max Eastman and a few others were unable to comprehend that the United States was at war. Max came here to make an address and he was entertained every minute of his stay and went back east convinced that the west was fully as wild as the movies represented it.

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Max started a few sentences of a speech of protest, when a home guard yelled, "Where's the flag?" Another called for the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the national anthem was sung. Max was assisted to his feet by a husky guardsman and by that time he was a thoroughly scared man with only the thought of escape. Well, he escaped, minus his hat, and after a local sympathizer had bought him a new suit of underwear and a hat, he shook the dust of the city from his feet.

### NEARLY 100 PER CENT LOYAL

Just about that time the great American Federation of Labor inaugurated a campaign to make its membership 100 per cent loyal to the government in its prosecution of the war, and to the city of Fargo's credit, this move was anticipated and the local organization sent duly accredited delegates to the great St. Paul meeting.

To this organization and later to the larger War Organization belongs the credit of lining up very nearly 100 per cent of its citizens behind the President's war policy.

### SLIGHTEST SUGGESTIONS OBEYED

During the war the President of the United States and the National Council of Defense seemed to be the governing body of the country.

When the food administrator asked the people to save meat, bread or fats, sugar or other commodities, the people cheerfully complied. In this section of the country—the greatest wheat producing portion of the United States the people ate corn flour, rice flour and a bread made from a mixture of wheat flour and substitutes, went without meat, ate little sugar—and assisted in full measure in conserving food.

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## Stories of our own Boys

Now these are the stories of our own boys, and while perhaps poorly told and common place, they have at least the merit of being true.

"When I was put to training rookies in a southern camp I was amazed at the ignorance of many of the drafted men from that section. I remember one private in particular, a big husky fellow strong as an ox and of splendid physique. This bird couldn't tell his right hand from his left and I seemed to be unable to make him comprehend. I finally hit upon a happy solution by giving him a heavy piece of iron to carry in his left hand. While he carried the iron I could make him comprehend which his left hand was by telling him it was the one that carried the weight. When after about three hours his arm became



tired I referred to his left hand as the one that was tired. In about three days I had him educated to the point that he knew his left hand from his right."

## THE FIRST AIRPLANE RIDE

"I always felt as if I would like the airplane service," said another, "until, I took a flight with a student friend of mine who had become quite an adept at the flying game.

"I stepped into the basket and the straps were securely fastened and with the hum of the engine and a series of exhausts that sounded like the firing of a machine gun we were off. The earth dropped swiftly away and we seemed to be stationary in space with all things sailing swiftly by beneath.

"I felt all right and enjoyed myself until I happened to look over the edge of the basket when we were flying upside down in a 'loop the loop.' When I expected to find the solid ground I could only see the clouds and the sun and away off up in space where I expected to find the clouds I could see the solid earth, with the barracks showing like a clump of small boxes and the river showing only a ribbon running off with space either way.

"One trip was enough for me and I had no further hankering for the air service, although I suppose had I begun in the way all students did I would have progressed by easy stages and liked the game."

## PICKED FOR MILITARY POLICE

"When I reached camp and had been issued a uniform, in company with a large number of other recruits, I passed inspection for the military police. The inspector went up and down the lines and lined up the required number of us that had a height of 6 feet with the physical qualifications to match. The colonel looked us over and would playfully rub his thumb against our ribs and say, 'you'll do nicely'. Before I knew what the service was I was assigned to the military police and three days later I hadn't a friend in camp.

"This condition had its advantages as well as its disadvantages for it gave me plenty of time for study and by close application I was soon promoted to corporal.

"At this time I began to study the text books of the artillery instructors and after six months of study I applied for a chance to take the examination for instructor in artillery. The captain advised against it saying that many of the sergeants who were taking the examinations in this but were falling down, but if I felt I should take it to go ahead.

"I took it and passed successfully."

## THE FRENCH 75's

"Speaking of artillery fire", said a veteran who had followed the barrage to the German lines and then helped clean up the front line

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trenches with the bayonet, "the most wonderful gun in the world is the French 75. The artillery men could direct the fire very accurately and they were certainly rapid firers. The secret of their action is in the recoil and was not known outside the foundries of France until the demand for them became so strong that quantities had to be cast in the United States.

"We always felt safe in following the barrage fire of these guns as their accuracy was remarkable and many a German attack was broken up by these guns."

### THE BIG NAVAL GUNS

"The Americans toward the close of the war had mounted some of the largest of their coast defense rifles on railroad trucks a short distance back of the main line and threw thousands of their gigantic shells into the forts around Metz and Sedan. Days later I saw where these shells had dropped and any building that was hit promptly crumpled up. Once within range any fortification above ground was doomed when these guns began shelling."

### A WILD TIME IN PARIS

"Of all the exciting days I ever saw or expect to see the day the armistice was signed was the liveliest one in Paris. For thirty-one hours after the signing of the armistice, Paris was a bedlam and physical exhaustion was the only cause of its cessations. Bells were rung, whistles blown, automobiles honked and every device known to man to produce noise was employed for that purpose that day. It was one grand holiday and it was a long and hilarious one.

"Processions would form in the street and march away, only to be followed by others going other directions and there were several processions at the same time and all the time. Soldiers would be surrounded in the streets by girls and women and would have to kiss them all before being let go. I kissed good looking young girls, ugly looking ones, fat girls, thin girls, old girls and every sort of girl that day until I never wanted to kiss once since to this day.

"It was amusing to watch some of our older officers when they were thus under fire. Being kissed by every sort and condition of woman known to Paris was distasteful to many a colonel or major but the old fellows were caught in the mob that surged back and forward and could not help themselves.

"The city was one vast pandemonium of noise and hilarity. The Germans were licked, knew they were licked, were already whining as only a German can, and so why shouldn't Paris be gay."

### THE SAWED OFF SHOTGUN

"When General Pershing had learned how trench raids were conducted by the Germans and the Yanks experienced these tactics as

soon as they took up any of the front line sectors, he sent to the United States for a large supply of sawed off shotguns. As a method of stopping trench raids they were about the best devised. A sentinel withone of these guns couldn't fail to hit some at least of the enemy when he was making a night raid.

"With the arrival of these weapons trench raids by the enemy were stopped, possibly not altogether due to them, but at least their arrival greatly accelerated the discontinuance of the practice. I have helped pick up three dead and seven wounded Germans where a patrol from their lines had endeavored to get by a sentinel armed with this effective weapon.

"The Germans made protests to the neural nations and whined about the barbarity of their use, and that was the best indication of their usefulness."

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## The Bugle Calls

The following is a series of sketches by Sgt. E. S. Peterson, who saw service in the Philippines and in the great war just closed. Later on Sergeant Peterson will publish a full account of his experiences:

### THE START

The last Saturday evening in September, 1917, I was at the G. N. depot to see Co. "B" of the "Famous Fighting First" depart for an eastern training camp. They were booked for duty in the great world war. An immense crowd bid them "God-speed". The initial Monday in October I was on a train with units of the "Second North Dakota", the "Smashing Second" that was smashed on its arrival at Camp Green, North Carolina. One of the memorable happenings was the presentation of a mammoth box of delicious chocolates by loyal friends in Fargo at a midnight hour.

Had a wonderful time in Camp Green and the delightful, hospital city of Charlotte. Who can forget the charming southern lasses and their alluring expressions. People cheered and hand-waved us all the way to Camp Mills, Long Island. I ever will remember the real, home-like Thanksgiving dinner it was my privilege to be invited to and to attend. The sunny home, "Dixie" the mothering hostess, the cordiality of the men, the laughter and lure of the ladies and the winsomeness of the girls. And then my last trip to New York the Sunday before we left. It was 20 below by the Woolworth building, and 40 below, above. But there, on the highest building on earth, I was on "Top 'o the world". Even the "Statue of Liberty", looked small and unconvincing, though the sky back of it was red, and it seemed as if

I could see the fires of hell raging in a little war-torn republic across the mighty seas.

### EVERY DAY

From December 10, 1917 to May 28, 1919, I wrote perhaps several hundred thousand words in a daily diary of my experiences, besides a great number of poems. Some day I hope to print a complete record, but in the space allotted to me in this book, I can only crowd in a few items snatched from a number of days.

### ANTICIPATION

Monday, Dec. 10: We are all very busy getting things ready for a sudden move from camp. The men of each tent keep fires going all night.

Tuesday, Dec. 11: It was so cold we changed kitchen details every hour.

### ON BOARD

Wednesday, Dec. 12: I got up at 4:00 and by 5:30 I had two cans of tea boiling on the pipeless stove. Gave out all the roast-beef sandwiches and most of the tea. The men police their tents and put their cots in the kitchen. At 7:00 o'clock we all fell in line with full equipment and soon marched away. It was a cloudy day and a light snow was falling, and the boys were indeed happy to leave this cold, uncomfortable camp. Marched past boxes and crates of equipment and clothing at the camp Quartermaster, past the most interesting building of all, the Army Postoffice, and then lined up near the "Country Life" building by a string of passenger cars. We found the cars cold, but did not mind it much, for we were on the way. We shot through villages, past stores and factories and beautiful houses, but at the end of less than an hour we got off, and in a few minutes were at the dock. We then stepped onto a large tug boat. Though the boat was crowded, an apple and candy and sandwich salesman made things interesting. We steamed under big bridges, the famous Brooklyn included, past numerous water-craft, both great and small, and then by the nine hundred foot "Fatherland", and other Americanized German boats, now used as transports. On reaching a pier we immediately went ashore, lined up according to previous program and marched over to another one only a few feet away on the other side. There, after giving our names to an officer we were handed a slip of paper with our bunk number, our mess number and sitting, also designating our life-raft. Sailors showed us our bunks, three-tier high. We were all set at 9:30, two hours and a half after we left camp. The transportation officer was certainly there with the goods. We had a good meal aboard the boat, in fact, two good meals before we were ordered to be in bed and have lights off by 8 o'clock.

Thursday, Dec. 13: Coffee and rolls at 7:30, breakfast at

9:30, dinner at 3:30. The sailors mess room has a piano, and between meals soldiers and sailors mix and enjoy music, singing and dancing,—besides it is the only smoke place.

### WE'RE OFF

Friday, Dec. 14: Boat had started last night at 8:00 o'clock. Go 11 knots an hour, around 121 miles at sea, now. Six transports in our bunch, three in sight. Of the convoy, one cruiser is visible. Cold on deck, and a high sea. No one sick, but some very anxious.

Saturday, Dec. 15: One of our boys was segregated—measles, and another had a successful operation for appendicitis. Had good porkchops for breakfast. Fine hot weenies and saurkraut for dinner. Have a Victrola on a hatch platform and some of the latest music. A brrel of magazines were put aboard the first day and are still enjoyed.

Monday, Dec. 17: Seems to be warmer. Had sunshine for at least ten minutes straight. A few cases of sea sickness. Canteen open at 10 o'clock. Candy and smokers delights, cookies and fruits and toilet articles sold. When daylight dies the "smoking lamp is out".

Tuesday, Dec. 18: Stormy seas so only half the boys out for coffee and rolls. "Rise and shine" did not interest the sea-sick boy.

### UNSEEN HELPERS

Wednesday, Dec. 19: We have a big convoy, cruisers and torpedo boats. They come closer at night. All we can see is one lone cruiser. The others are the unseen helpers. Have to wear our life-preservers at all times, day and night. Like a double pillow collar slipped over our heads.

Thursday, Dec. 20: We must be near the warmer isles. The sun shines almost continuously. The deck is so alluring. The seasick boys who wanted to die last night are up enjoying the summery spell.

A third of the commissioned officers aboard of both the army and navy are Spanish war vets. Have target practice. The two fore and aft six inch guns do some good work.

Sunday, Dec. 23: Church services at 2 o'clock. The ocean rough with innumerable white caps. A day-held half moon over the second mast. Chaplain a Spanish war vet. Music by band. The shoir sang "Let the lower lights be burning". They did not add, "except on this boat". The Chaplain said, "What was wrong in America would be wrong in France." Ordered to sleep with all our clothes on tonight.

### "MAD DOGS"

Christmas 1917: Choppy seas and a sky with shifting clouds that let the sun shine through for many happy whiles. The blessed convoy visible all around us. Coffee and cake for lunch. Scrambled

eggs, oatmeal pudding, mammoth California canned prunes, fresh bread and coffee for breakfast. Our captain acted the part of Santa Claus and after a very appropriate speech presented each member of the company with a Christmas smoke. We had a good dinner of boiled ham, a goolash of cabbage, mashed spuds and turnips, some fine sour pickles, cake and tea. The boys all had candy and the spirit of the day was present.

December 27: Someone sights land at 11:25. Too far away to see by the naked eye. So I went below. Then all of a sudden, I heard the boom of cannon,—soldiers came rushing down, said they were ordered below, submarines sighted, several minutes of intensity, and then we were allowed on deck and were given a glorious, generous sight of land. Then best of all, our Flag, "Old Glory" was flung to the breeze over a placid sea the heart-happy cheers of the crowded deck of soldiers and sailors, the aeroplanes of red, white and blue sailing overhead, the sight of a big city near, patrol boats, a view of far-flung sails, and best of all joy in every heart, a song on every lip. We had been close to death, but our convoys were right on the job and it is believed one "mad dog" will cease to bite. Anchors were dropped and we had a good supper. After seven, soldiers and sailors mingled in the sailors mess room in a big jubilee, music, song and felicitations. Lights on the boat all night.

Friday, Dec. 28: We see the great port of St. Naizarre in the distance but we must wait for the tide to swing us closer to the shore and pier. Everybody happy. We will soon be in Joan's land. Ice floating on the water. Several inspections and physical warnings. Salt water shower baths taken. Then the port—the sound of wooden shoes on the wharf as kids scramble near for pennies. See a "Y" banner on shore with the words "Here to serve you". One of the boys heard a flock of seagulls flying overhead and said, "Why don't you talk English so we could understand you?"

### CHURCH SERVICESE

Sunday, Dec. 30.—Many transports near. French venders, boys and women, out in row boats selling apples and chocolate. More capes then overcoats seen on the men in the streets. Boys figuring out what the signs mean. Sun shining but a chilly day. Church services. The Chaplain wished us all a "Happy New Year". His text was "Happy is the man who walketh not in the council of the ungodly." All hands at salute when our National air was played; also when the band gave an excellent rendition of the French national hymn, our boys stood attention. After the services the boys called for more music and "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France" roused tremendous enthusiasm. Sailors get shore leave. They look fine in their glad rags. When they came back they brought copies of the New York Herald's Paris edition. Gee! but it did look good to us. The news was very optimistic.

Monday, Dec. 31: Last day in the year, Yo-ho. Still on the boat. Muster and inspection at eleven in the sailors mess room. One soldier said, "Lifebuoy" is not a toilet soap. Rumors galore. Some outfits expected to go ashore, but nothing doing. The black Stevedores are getting things ready so they can unload the boat. The colored helpers ashore are strutting around with blue dress uniforms on. I turned in a dandy one at Bismarck in 1916—well?

### NEW YEARS ON THE SHIP

The darky night crew quit just before 12, and all was quiet, and then at the midnight hour the new year was given a wonderful reception. Whistles on hundreds of boats blew, pistols were shot, the decks on both our boat and our sister boat alongside were crowded with boys yelling and cheering—all the transports whistled and rang bells. Finally our band marched across to the other boat, playing, "A Hot Time in The Old Town tonight," then "Marching Thru Georgia", and then with much "pep", "Rally 'Round the Flag" and the applause rang up, almost to the stars, and the silvery moon that was nearly covered with thin veils of passing clouds. Everybody happy, and the "New Year" was certainly ushered in with due patriotism and enthusiasm.

### WE LAND AT LAST

Thursday, Jan. 3: At last we go ashore at 3 o'clock. The sailors hated to see us go. Hit the French soil and then called roll and then marched off to the train. The stores and buildings, prisoners of war, seemingly contented, a few women, and plenty of kids, all looking for something. At the depot we received our traveling rations, the iron kind, cornbeef and hardtack and then found our cars. These third-class coaches were about the size of the old-time American caboose, four apartments, eight men in each apartment. The car is so small, that if I leaned against it I believe it would tip over. Good bunch in my section, but there is only room to sit up. One dripping-oil wick light—worse than a candle.

Saturday Jan. 5: We were ordered off in a village in the hills, Marched down ten winding blocks to a big restaurant and were served glasses of what the French call coffee. Double-timed back and our bunch found a new coach waiting for them. This had steam heaters on the floor for our feet, and it was fine and comfortable for awhile, and then, something happened, and we were colder than usual. There were a couple of French soldiers aboard, one had three years on the front, and was not yet twenty years old. With hardly any sleep for two nights, and with prospects of continuous cold weather, the boys somewhat dreaded the coming of the dark-time, but Brown says "This is the crucial test, and if we pass this night, all right, we will be all entitled to medals." A train of briquette coal passed

by. These briquettes are about the size of a ten cent loaf of bread. (Before the war.)

### AN ANCIENT CITY

Monday Jan. 7: This is an ancient city, some of it built 164 years before Christ, and parts of the ancient walls are in splendid shape. One of the officers told me one of Caesar's lieutenants laid out this city of Langres. It has about 12,000 population, and on a hill 1500 feet high. Of course it has been rebuilt several times since Caesar's time.

Tuesday, Jan. 15: Talked with a boy who had been to the front. He had many interesting stories to tell of liquid fire, gas and gas masks, fighting in the open shell craters, how the men are prepared before they go over the top, etc. Had good roast beef, fried spuds, coffee and bread for dinner.

Friday Jan. 18: Moving day. Were soon billeted in a little village by the name of St. Geosmes, about two miles from Langres. Perhaps 500 people here. Boys sleep in various house-barns. I have a kitchen in one. Two rooms and a shed. Front room for stock—second room for the stove and tables and the shed for wood.

Monday Jan. 21: A big load of French flour in 200 pound sacks on the way to town—man and wife walking—three horses, single file pulling the heavy wagon.

### HOW THE FRENCH FIGHT FIRE.

Tuesday, Jan. 22: The boys were out drilling, the sanitary squad was busy cleaning up the town, and the water detail hitting the long trail to the spring. The first real excitement after dinner was the coming of the mail—that is one of the happiest times in a soldiers' life—one sergeant got as high as 25 letters. Then came excitement number two, and it was a dinger. The barn-house across the street where we sleep and the Top sergeant has his office was spitting fire from the chimney. The building is built of brick and cement and has a red-tiled sloping roof. News of the fire spread quickly and it was not long before all the village women, old men, kids, belles and toodleums were standing near waving hands and talking, as if that would put out the fire. Then the women got busy and rushed forth, and carried cloth pails of water from an old green cistern near. But our boys were right on the job. Larson climbed up the water pipe with a pail of water and in his stocking feet shot up to the top of that slanting roof, quick as a cat, and barely spilling a pint of the precious fluid—tore up the tiles that hugged close to the chimney and poured the water on the blazing boards beneath. By this time several ladders had been brought up, one held on the roof, and one set up from the ground and several of our boys stood on the various rounds and passed up the buckets to the men on top.



Then the mayor of the town in full uniform, black and red cap, light blue military coat and wide red belt came tearing down the street, back of him the ancient horse drawing the fire pump on wheels, looking for all the world like an old-fashioned section man's hand car, the fire chief leading the horse? Stopping in front of the building, the chief, taking in one hand the nozzle of the 50-foot leather hose, started up the ladder, but when half way up, he suddenly remembered that he did not have his official headgear on, so he hastened down, snatched a glittering spiked helmet from his wife's hand, then shot up clear to the top. Though the fire was out, the chief officially did not think so, for after poking his head down the chimney he ordered more water and forced it down the hot bricks, while the soldier-boys pumped, four on each side of the long handles, and the young women hot-footed with pails to keep the tank full, but many of the females and the children were dancing around, chattering and excited. It was near supper time but I had hard work to keep my K. P's on hand, especially the red-headed detail, as there was several fire haired, fairy mademoiselles running around loose. After enough water had gone down the chimney to flood the office floor—the fire chief, waved to stop, but the mayor was not satisfied, he is about sixty years old, but very spry—he ran up the ladder, pushing aside our boys still clinging to the rounds, and after sticking his face down the chimney hole, he had the chief shoot down a few more gallons—to show his authority and wisdom, I suppose, but anyway our office floor had a good cleaning. The fire was not a serious one, and the whole performance was very amusing to the boys, but the villagers did not seem to see it that way.

Wednesday Feb. 6: Bought several hundred franks worth of Sales Commissary goods for the boys, such as smoking materials, toilet articles, chocolate candies and canned fruit. We get 5 franks seventy for a dollar. The government price on rice is \$7.25 a hundred, beans dry, \$7.90 a hundred; bacon \$12.50 for 36 lbs.; figs, \$5.46 for 42 lbs. Fixed up an old bake oven which had not been used for 15 years, and it works fine—300 biscuits in 15 minutes is easy. E. H. Southern the noted actor is in Paris and entertaining the soldiers at "Y" places with his timely recitations.

### WAR FASHION NOTES.

Thursday Feb. 7: Maison-Jenny open up their spring fashion show in Paris. Many foreign buyers. Woolens still scarce. Over 200 models. Silks, satins, serges and lace designs. Skirts still short, and this season, short sleeve. Lack of brilliant colors, though flashy touches in the headgear.

Monday Feb. 11: Took a hurried trip to the city on the truck with a bunch of men who go on detached service. On the way back passed "Mart" the red headed bar girl on the way to the city in her

glad rags. Also passed one of our boys helping a couple of French maidens get their dope from the city home to the village in a push cart. "Bill" was pushing the cart.

Near Flag-station 23 where the auburn-haired, solemn-faced maiden lives is an old monolith, topped with a granite cross and on it is the date 1115.

Monday, July 18: Heard the cooks stirring so I got up. I went to the mansion where 80 of the boys are billeted. Went up the wide steps. On the right hand side is a large stone dragon. It sure would be a fierce looking thing to see for an anti-prohibitionist. It is hydra-headed, and there is also a head on the end of its tail.

Went to the C. O. for authorization slips for rations and gas, and found him in a stone house by the Y. M.C. A. Fields was trying to chase up eggs for his breakfast, and he said he found out that he could not get any till Friday, and the C. O. said, "What? The hens only lay on Friday, here?"

Then with a couple men as detail started out on the ration truck for rations. Had to take helmets and gas masks along. Passed through La Ferte and was soon on a steep up grade. A great deal of traffic—cavalry and infantry, and all seeming so tired. Went by a number of French and American trucks and one unit was loading on shrapnel shells. Near the far horizon an aeroplane was being shot at by anti-air craft guns. As many as ten balls of smoke dotted the sky near it. Went to a salvage dump. I loaded on a fairly good G. I. can. The K. P.'s took two good brown overalls suits. There was an unlimited supply of shoes and leather goods and boxes, acres of stuff that could not be used on the front fighting lines. A big hospital is being built. At the ration dump I drew fresh peas and beans, carrots and onions, and I wanted lemons so I got 180 of them, all this besides bread and frozen beef, coffee, sugar, jam, potatoes, candles, etc. Picked up a tired infantry man on the way back, also saw two of our ambulances. One of the drivers told us they had been busy day and night hauling machine-gun wounded.

#### CAMAFLAUGE.

Tuesday July 23: On the ration truck. Passed a French wagon train, all the rigs being camaflaughed, the canvas especially. Crazy dabs here and there of dark browns and light—light blues and grays and greens. The train was going slow and a few mules were used. In the city saw some German prisoners. The Hun field uniform is the sloppiest in the world. Saw wire-entanglements, stretching for miles towards the uplands. These were old rusty ones—the new wheat was two feet high and had neatly hidden them. They were nearly twenty feet wide. Some of the old zig-zag trenches were filled in, and grain had been sown right up to them. At the rail-

road while waiting for rations, a double-decked passenger train came in—it was the first I had seen. Got a Paris Tribune. It says "Foe fails to stop Allies." Also, "Major Roosevelt wounded leading his men in charge." He is the second Roosevelt to be wounded. Also, "Quenten, the youngest is reported from German sources to have been killed in his aeroplane and buried with military honors. "I say, the great Exemplar could not fail to have heroic sons. Langer got back and said he had been moving wounded. Think of it moving crippled soldiers in a truck.

### A FRENCH SHAVE

Wednesday, July 24: Today besides the regular ration, I drew carrots, young onions cauliflower, about 150 pounds of ripe tomatoes. Harvesting machines in the wheat fields—Canadian make. The wheat looked as good as our No. 1 hard. Traveled about sixty miles for regular and reserve rations. Guenther said he had had only 8 hours sleep in the last four days—he had carried hundreds of wounded in his ambulance. I had a shave—a French female barber, the razor was not sharp, tears came to my eyes, but I lived through it. A hard straight-backed chair with narrow head rest. After the shave I washed myself, then she sprinkled some fine smelling dope on my face with an atomizer. I visited the village church—the colored windows in France are superior to anything in America. The altar Christ had a fine expression but there was cobwebs on his head. The best appearing soldiers in Joan's land went by. They had six foot swords and attached to the right foot of every fourth man was a ten-foot "dragon", a kind of a spear which could be swung four feet in front of the horse, and by the way every horse was brown in color. The French cavalry look like real fighters. Thirty aeroplanes sailed overhead. Seemed for all the world like a flock of geese and in geese formation.

July 25: Saw a French ammunition train—small white trucks driven by French-talking Chinese. I counted over two hundred—24 in a unit, and each truck had an ensignia, like an Ace of Diamonds, or a clock with the hands denoting the third hour. Beyond the village square are several captured Hun trucks. They were very much shot up—machine gun bullets must have killed the occupants. Powerful engines but the wheels have wood and steel tires. Rough riders truly. Rubber has been scarce in Germany for a long time.

### CHATEAU-THIERRY

July 30: On the way to Chateau-Thierry for rations. Had to stop by the side of a road for awhile—met an M. P. who claimed to have enlisted as an M. P. he said a whole company of Philadelphia cops got in the game that way. Trees shot off near the roots. In

a village on a hill, every building was wrecked by shell-fire. Only an open air meeting could be held in the church. Heard the pounding of big guns—troops going and coming, saw two arches of a three-arched stone bridge cut off clean as a whistle—just a few walls standing of three and four story buildings. We finally crossed a pontoon bridge the other side of the city. After much manoueuvering found the railhead and drew rations for the first time direct from the genial, hard working, very much alive First Army Corps bunch. A sergeant of a balloon outfit told me that the Huns have shot down two of the balloons in ten days. He also said they were in the city one hour after the Germans were driven out, and he said they found a big supply of enemy machine-guns and artillery and ammunition, and this was used on the retreating foe. He showed me a leather belt he captured, on the brass buckle were the words, "Gott mit uns." Cook Cloud who was with me said, "There is sure some damage done here, and if there is a fly, a mosquito or cootie left, he must indeed be a cripple." Over one million Amex troops here now.

### FIGHTING MEN

August 1: An aviator's grave by the long white road. His helmet on the tiny cross—on his grave a wreath of wax flowers. What nationality I do not know, but he flew high for the Righteous Cause. His home had been in the menacing caverns of the air—he now rests in the stable bosom of the friendly earth. Heard the roar of big guns for an hour, then reaching a station drew 200 gallons of gas and a barrel of oil. Believe Yanks say when going over the top, "To hell with death. Let's go." A S. S. U. Ambulance man told me last night that he saw our boys going over the top with sleeves rolled up, their packs thrown away, and yelling to beat the band, while the French would go over with dash, but with everything, and everything in order, and yet he said the French lost more men than the Americans at that. Yesterday's Herald said, "Prussians and Bavarians unable to stop Americans." I understand these royal troops are the best in Germany, but Americans can beat the best in all the world.

August 2: This is Friday, our moving day, and we move—Villa Sa Marne, this time.

### HUN FIGHTERS

August 3: Several hundred Hun prisoners are quick-stepping down the Paris-Metz road. I should guess that 90 per cent of them are around the ages of fifteen to seventeen. Putting the Prussian Guards in battle and using kids, can only mean that the game of attrition is getting down to bed rock with the enemy almost covered.

The beautiful chateau at Villa Sa Marne is used as a hospital.

It is owned by an American authoress who married a distinguished Frenchman. In walking around the spacious grounds under a moon of unusual brilliance it was my fortune to stop and chat with a thin-faced bare-headed, convalescent patient. He saw my Philippine service badge and said he served there in '99 with the 21st Regulars—knew of the good work of the North Dakota Regiment and was there until 1907. He now belonged to the famous Irish Regiment the "69th New York"; had been gassed—and arrived here yesterday. He was the only cook in his outfit that succeeded in getting "eats" up to the fighters in the front line trenches. Three-fourths of the men who had assisted him were killed. He and the helpers had to go up at night time. Litters were used to carry the food to different units. They had to crawl on the ground, dragging or pushing the litters along. Aeroplanes of the Hun tried in every way possible to prevent him getting up to the hungry soldiers. He told me how his First Sergeant was killed—of Medical Corps boys with feet shot off by metal from a new kind of gun, shooting a mighty mass of iron and slugs. Of one of his lieutenants not believing an English speaking captured German who had lived 20 years in the states, and who said he was forced into the war, and who also had informed him that there was a big nest of machine guns on the side of a hill near, and had begged the lieutenant not to try to take it with a small force. The lieutenant is now dead and only three men of the platoon live to tell the tale. The place was taken later by artillery. He told me that as a rule the American boys did not take cover enough, and nearly always went beyond their objective, thus preventing the artillery barrage and aid. He said he was joshed a great deal when he advised them to take cover, and when he volunteered and went over the top with his company one day, a great number of his comrades were needlessly wounded and killed, but not until then was his warning followed. He said there was only 22 of his original company of 250 left. He spoke about women and men being strapped to machine guns, of the treachery of prisoners, of how one Hun when asked to put up his hands, put his left hand in his pocket, and after he was shot, they found cakes in his trousers filled with deadly poison. I told him Soissons was captured, and he said there was ten million dollars worth of German ammunition this side of it—dumps that would take all the trucks in the U. S. Army, working day and night, two weeks to move. He also believed the war would soon end. We had a long chat on the Philippines, Governor Taft, the first all-American train there and other stories. He spoke tenderly about the men in his company, their good qualities, and bravery, and now. "they are lying out over there", while he, "is here, is here—alive." Every once in a while he had to stop and catch his breath, and cough. The gas had gone down deep into his lungs.

**SOME SPEED**

August 7: At Chateau-Thierry. Yesterday I saw workmen driving logs in to the water where the bridge was blown up. This morning one steel span bridges the remnants of the shore archways of stone. Showing some speed for the Frenchies.

Twenty-four hours ago, Charley and other villages were silent and tenantless with closed blinds and ghostly avenues. Now, a few women and children are back. I have seen little groups of people walking rapidly down the white roads of wrecked towns. Have seen them stop suddenly before the gaping ruins of what were once happy homes. Tears came to their eyes, as they stood for long periods, seemingly just gazing.

August 17: Nearly all the fields of grain were shocked, and many were beautifully stacked—the cone-like way. Old men, women and girls were the harvesters. One of the boys seeing a couple of lasses picking up every stray straw, said, "These peasants are the thriftiest people in the world," I agreed with him.

August 19: Actors from the states in the "Y" circuit entertained the soldiers. The young woman singer had a well trained voice, and though not of great range it was full of color. But best of all, she was very generous, and sang for a long time for the boys, and with the boys.

Sept. 3: Had another air-raid alarm after nine last night. Some of the men went to the "cave". A few like myself, staid in bed and listened to the anti-air-craft bombs, "burst in air", and others went out on the porch, to see what they could see.

**FACES ALWAYS FAIR**

Sept. 7: Big shell-making factory in Pompey. Girl workers dress in bloomers, or breeches. See them coming from work with dirty hands, but their hair done up neatly, and their faces still fresh with colors they know how to put on so artistically.

**THEY WERE STARVING**

Sept. 27: At Camp Belges, in the Argonne district. Who should come along but two black privates, typical darkies of the South. One tall, one short, and both starving? The tall one asked for coffee with sugar in it before I said a word to him. Then I asked abruptly, "you still insist on having the sugar?"—and that caused him and the cooks to laugh heartily, the colored comrade showing his good white teeth. They both claimed to have walked from Toul, and intimated that they had been dodging shells all along the way. One of them asked me, "How long is this war going to last, Cheff?" I told them it would be several months yet, and the short one exclaimed very seriously, "We's

ready to go back, right away." The cook jollied them about being afraid to lay down by a grave yard to sleep, and the tall negro answered quickly, "I wouldn't be afraid to lay down,—but I wouldn't sleep."

Sept. 28: Wiley came back from a hospital where serious cases were being attended to. He mentioned one case. Seven wounded men were brought in, the six that died, were Americans, the lucky seventh was a Hun.

Sept. 30: A sergeant told me that when he was going into a hospital gate with his ambulance, a Hun 77 shell hit the rear of the building, a two story one, but no one was killed or injured. He said that road holes in two places were 40 feet deep. They had been mined, and before the enemy retreated, they were blown up.

Oct. 2: At Fuetau. Several ambulance companies, several field hospitals working together. I went a long distance for rations every day, and fed the personnel of the entire bunch. The convalescent, sick and gas patients lined up for their meals. Wounded men were brought in, in trucks and ambulances, and in the bunch I noticed three Huns, black with whiskers and of middle age.

### TELLING THE CHIEF

Oct. 3: Heard a good story. Pershing had gone to every Division on the fighting front, and every Division was asked if they wanted to keep on fighting through the winter, or rest up, and they all answered swiftly, "Carry On", and so the story goes, he told them that being the case the war would be over by Christmas. A gassed patient informed me that he was gassed by a shell dropping about 20 feet ahead of him, and the fumes floated back, ere he knew he was in danger.

Oct. 4: A big bunch of wounded got of the trucks. Mouths, legs and arms were bandaged, and some of them must have suffered a great deal of pain, but not a whimper or complaint from anyone. Some even smiled, while others pressed their lips tightly together and hobbled towards the receiving ward. A lieutenant colonel 30 years in the service had been hit in three places by machine-gun bullets. A few officers, mostly young boys, had also been down into the deep valley of death, and though yet alive, they were perhaps scarred or maimed for life. Of the four Huns brought in, one was an exceedingly fresh guy. Trucks and ambulances are busy day and night, and the patients run from 300 to a thousand every 24 hours.

Oct. 5: Across the creek the woods are wearing the fashionable hues of autumn. I talked with a Creek. Had been in America only a year and his English was far from perfect. Had served in the Balkan war. His ninth month in the U. S. Infantry. He had shot one Hun, and had bayoneted three who had fooled him with the "Kamerad" call. A group of American actors entertained the boys. How the less seriously wounded and sick did enjoy that open air show, just as the

golden sun sank down below the green hills. Margaret Mayo the author of "Twin Beds" was with them.

#### AT ST. JUVIN

Nov. 5: Roads full of trucks, wagons and ambulances, big guns and Holt tractors. We finally found the ration dump, near an ancient church with the roof all gone. A large Packard near, the sergeant in charge was salvaging a water-wagon and a number of empty gas-shell boxes were soon on the way through ruined villages, past dugouts, ammunition containers, acres of battle used shell cartridges, machine-gun bullets, shellholes that would hide washtubs, and some where a Ford would be hardly visible. Also flattened hills, rusty zig-zag barbed-wire entanglements, holes where a little sleep was obtained, almost hidden by green painted blanket curtains. At St. Juvin at the rail head were many empty German food supply boxes. The city was roofless. While waiting for our turn to get supplies, I went into the wrecked church. All that was left of the sacred altar was the Mary and Child statue and that was untouched. Near it was a misplaced saint in prayer near a misplaced old prophet, gazing or seeming to gaze sadly at the ruin wrought. While between some of the pews the statuettes of other venerable, bewhiskered seers were undeniably out of place. But the Hun gunner had had no respect for any holy edifice but that of the Kaiser's tribal god.

#### OUR ARMISTICE CELEBRATION

Nov. 7: After supper I went to the office-tent. The C. O. was there and a few of the boys. They were discussing the news that came down that two Hun generals and an admiral had gone over to Fochs' headquarters with a flag of truce and had signed up for an armistice. The same old dope.—some of the boys expected to go home right away, and they got sore when I suggested that they might be here or in the Army of Occupation for six months yet. The C. O. said he would like to pick out a nice little village somewhere, then Brown exclaimed quickly after scratching himself, "By gollie—the cooties have not yet signed an armistice." I said I would like to be with the bunch that goes into Germany or Austria. Then we heard cheering far off, then closer, then our own boys took up the cheer, then we heard pistol shots, and we all rushed out and the sky was alight with red rockets and roman candles, and the air was filled with the honks of truck trumpets and cheering, everybody was happy. The war must be over. I went over to the receiving ward, many wounded and sick were being brought in, and they sure were tickled to hear that the armistice was signed though they seemed hardly to believe it. There were 77th, 1st, and 6th division boys there. One fellow when told the glad news, said, "My, the boys at the front will be happy to hear this." I went over to the kitchen, and was informed that a captain



who was on the way to the front with orders to take a town, had stopped there a few minutes and was surprised. Continued cheering and much excitement. I was just saying to myself, "I hope this news is really true" and I gazed over the tented hill, candle lit, and the sky ablaze with brilliant colors. Then I heard band music, and soon under the twinkling stars and up the muddy road, ten members of a band of the 80th Division were marching and playing a lively air, while following them were members of the various hospital and ambulance units of our sanitary train, besides a squad or two of female nurses. They formed in the middle of the road by the long line of motor transports and played air after air of rollicking tunes. "Finish La Guerre" was shouted out every once in a while by some uproariously happy "Poilu" or "Yank". The music was such that feet couldn't behave, and even some of the wounded patients got out and danced round after round. It was a stag affair, but "Ship" the ex-circus clown, had made a skirt of a rain coat, and had tied a white handkerchief over his red hair, and he and "Cap" had the Castles beat by a mile. "Over There" received tumultuous applause, and we were all having a wonderful time, when above the music and the revelry rang out the cry of "Fire." The crowd shot over to where the gas drums were near the big supply tent. A 50 gallon drum had gotten afire in some way, the gas that had leaked out on the ground was flaming towards the heavens, while many of the boys got busy and rolled the full drums a safe distance away. I was farther away than most of the crowd, but at that, when the drum blew up a hundred feet in the air, I turned to go farther back, and tripped into a mudhole. When the boys had put out the last wee blaze, the band marched down the road to their camp, and I heard one of them yell, "Do it again,—the war is over." As I went into the office. Harry told me that our C. O. was too close to the fire, and when the drum made its dramatic flight, the back summer-sault of the C. O. was a peach,—a skinned one. Some night.

Nov. 8: Mist on the hills. Tanks with tops blown away by the roadside. Colored engineer road workers galore. Speed shown by the Americans building railway tracks. A few blood-red, lingering poppies. German huts, one with daises growing in a big box in front, and a heavy canvas enemy "kantine".

Nov. 12: Villages lit up. Fires lit by doughboys on the roadside. Wonderful. How dark it has been for four years. The shutters are being reopened, and light will again be a source of blessedness, not danger to the heroic people of Joan's land.

### LUXEMBURG CITY

December 1: Very beautiful women in Luxemburg city. Priced a bar of chocolate that would cost us ten cents in the States, at the

most, and I did not stay in that store long after he told me it sold at a dollar. Hear that the people are all rich here,—got more money then they know what to do with. That may be,—I'll keep what I have. The policemen look like admirals in full dress suits. Even the street cleaners, the "White Wings", have better uniforms than our Second Looies, but believe me, those streets are clean.

### ON GERMAN SOIL

Dec. 5: Echenach Germany, across the bridge from the big city of Echenach, Luxemburg. The women seemed scared of us at first. Some of the people are for Hindenburg and against the Kaiser, some for the Kaiser and against Hindenburg, but none of them seem to have any use for the Crown Prince. It was very funny in one store I was in to hear Sergeant Barr talk American, the proprietor, talk German, and the woman customer talk French. Business finally had to be transacted in the sign language. This was on the Luxemburg side.

Dec. 15: Left Kottenheim, Sunday morning at 6:30. Passed over rolling prairie land. Several high chimneys of factories. Numerous yards of rocks, cement bricks, and sidewalk tiles. Villages more or less modern. American troops in every place. Crossed the big steel bridge across the Rhine at 8:10. A year ago today was our first morn out at sea from the American coast. The Huns are licked—we will be in the Army of Occupation.

Our home is in a three story German army barracks, built in 1914. Electric lights, coal stoves and spring beds in every room. A kitchen with a large range, a capacious mess hall and shower baths and "kantine" on the first floor of this cement building, up on the hill away from the barracks. In my room several hundred feet above the Rhine, I can see the village of Ehrenbreitstein below, the City of Coblenz across the stream, beyond that the Moselle river, and one of the greatest equestrian statutes in the world on the triangle where the rivers meet.

### CHRISTMAS ON THE RHINE

Christmas: Went to bed last night with a wish that a little snow would cover the gray and green of the terraced hills to make it seem more like the holiday season at home, and when I awoke, it seemed that a million fairies had spread a witching mantle of beauty over everything,—and the delicate stars of snow, emblematic of all the service stars in the world, of that great Service Star of God Almighty, set in the heavens to guide the wise men long ago.

The Red Cross, as ever was right on the job. Every man received a present, (mine a German harmonica)—a Christmas tree with all the tinsel fusteries, candles and presents—a short program of music

and felicitious talks, luncheon and all. I thought of all those bright toys I had seen in German shops, but the old masters of the "Fatherland" had voted against, "Kris Kringle".

Jan. 16: On the way to the ex-Kaiser's castle, Stozenfels, I asked a little boy what languages they taught in the schools. He said German and English. I said don't they teach French?" and he said sharply, "nicht."

In the royal chapel are two large paintings. The one depicting Adam and Eve and the other Cain and Abel. The first man and woman are nearly life size, and are distinctly types of German blondes. But Cain and Abel are more cosmopolitan. I wonder if the Kaiser ever thought seriously of that famous question, "Am I my brothers keeper?"

What surprised me most of all was a bust of "Joan of Arc" in the winter garden under an arch of stone. The only other figure in the garden was that of Siegfried, the great warrior.

### MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

Jan. 9: I bought a box of writing paper, buff, deckle edge, at nine marks, and an ash tray made out of half a hand grenade, and one of the aeroplane spears, dropped, so the Hun said, during the early part of the war. He could talk a little English, and I asked him how Maximilian Harden would fit in as President of Germany. I told him that he was the only well-known German that told the truth during the war,—but the old boy only smiled, and was non-committal.

Feb. 10: Yesterday afternoon the acting C. O. requested me to give a memorial address on Roosevelt. Today I read a paper before the Company on "The Greatest Man in the World." Among other things I said, "He was not a follower of public opinion,—he made it."

March 16: I went into the "Y. W. C. A." cafe. 'Twas wonderfully attractive inside, beautifully furnished, but best of all there was no, "Officers Only" sign, anywhere. In the cosy rest room, enlisted men, women of the A. E. F. and officers were given the same consideration, the same home-like privileges and attention.

### IN PARIS

Sunday, March 16: The "Colonel" and I each received a little bit o' shamrock from the jolly Irish wife of the English proprietor of a French cafe.

Tuesday, March 18: The old masters used lasting colors. The paintings on the walls and ceilings of the palace at Versailles, looked just as fresh as the great world-war painting in Paris. The guide

said they had never been retouched. He said "Louis the 14th was "a very proud man", and a great sport I understand, but, he did have a real eye for beauty.

In the historic Hall of Mirrors we were shown the table the Frenchman said they would use for peace-signing purposes. Of tortoise shell and bronze, it was a wonderful piece of work. It took forty years to produce. He said they could not make anything like that now. I said, "No! They wouldn't take the time."

In the great hall of French battle paintings, Bill asked the guide, "Where is the Battle of Waterloo?" "Ah", exclaimed the guide, "this is ze Victory Room."

Wednesday, March 19: The most striking bit of portraiture in the American group in the Pantheon de la Guerre, the 375 foot world-war painting, is that of Roosevelt. What does he say to the motley group of volunteers? No one can mistake the slogan. You can hear the clarion call from that masterful American, "Let's go!" The artist knew the man.

Easter Sunday: Before we boarded the Sofia at the dock in Marseilles, the Red Cross had real practical presents for every man. Sea-soap, towels and combs, with chocolate and tobacco.

April 23: One fellow said: "This is not the Rock of Gibraltar—I cannot see the Prudential sign on it."

May 9: "Got off the boat into a building. Lined up. Saw some civilians,—wondered if they could talk English. Marched over towards some Red Cross women,—everyone received ginger cookies, a fragrant cup of coffee, and a large quarter of real apple pie. One comrade was so tickled he shouted out, "Now, I KNOW I'm home."

**"HOMEWARD BOUND"**

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Goodbye, Rhineland!  
 Goodbye, France!  
 Goodbye, Europe, all!  
 We lend a hand  
 For Freedoms' Land,  
 And now we hear her call,

"There's a loving father waiting,  
 His arms outstretched for you,  
 He wants to see his boy again  
 As all proud fathers do—  
 Far above him there is shining—  
 More sacred now to view;  
 The unstained Banner of the Free,  
 The old, "Red, White and Blue."

Goodbye, Allies!  
 Goodbye, Friends!  
 Goodbye, old Marseilles!  
 Now home is sweet  
 For weary feet—  
 It's "double time", Oh, gales!

There's a mighty nation waiting—  
 A generous land, and fair; ;  
 The boys she sent to fight for her,  
 She wishes now, back there—  
 They did their duty without fear;  
 Each played a man's big part—  
 Now she would greet them, royally—  
 A greeting from the heart.

Goodbye Rhineland!  
 Goodbye, France!  
 Goodbye, Eastern strand!  
 We cross the foam!  
 We sail for home!  
 Hello!—Glory Land!

Marseilles, April 10, 1919.

EDWARD S. PETERSON,  
 Mess Sgt. 163 Amb. Co.















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